

Montaineer.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY :—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1853.

NUMBER 39.

From the Home Journal.

THE POET AND THE WILD-BIRD.

BY EMELINE S. SMITH.

A youth who was friendless, sad and poor,
Went forth one morn from his humble door—
The genial sunbeams cheered his way;
The busy streets of the town were gay;
And smiling crowds alured his eye,
As fast and free they hurried by—
Like sparkling waves'neath summer sky,
But he, amid that rushing tide,
Moved ever slowly on, and sighed—
Joy's rapid march he might not share,
For his heart beat low to the notes of care.

He had hoped for fame—he had sought it long,
Pouring out his soul in a tide of song;
And oft had his end, but still in vain,
For the voice of praise to reward his strain.
Now he pined to be in some lone glen,
Far from the noisy haunts of men;
For he deemed the soothing balm of rest
Lull the tumult of his breast.
Thus, wandering on for many an hour,
He came at last to a wild wood bower;
A beautiful, calm, and cool retreat,
Where violets breathed their perfume sweet.
Where daisies, mosses, softly spread,
And green boughs waving overhead,
Made drapery meet for a monarch's bed.

There Nature, with an aspect mild,
Looked kindly on her sorrowing child;
While he, the wayward one, amidst his
Regardless of her soothing smile,
Sank down with a weary, fretful sigh,
And murmured, "Here would I like to die."
Just then, from the long grass waving near,
Came a wild-bird's note, so sweet and clear,
So eloquent of heart's pleasure,
So true to joy's inspiring measure,
The poet could not choose but feel
Its cheering influence o'er his steel.
At once he charmed, he gazed around
To see what warbler woke the sound.
It was not one of plumage bright,
Or matelass form, or wing of might;
It was not one could soar on high,
And trill its music in the sky;
No "sorrow of the ground" was he,
Who chaunted forth that melody.

A tiny sparrow—bird that made
Its nest within that lowly shade
Of mossy dell, or grass-grown spot,
And happy there, with humble lot,
Pursued its life from morn till night, a strain
That gladdened all the neighboring plain.

The moody man who heard it now,
Rose up with lightened heart and brow—
Like one just wakened from troubled dream,
He gazed on flow'rs, trees and stream,
What sudden radiance filled the sky!
What new-born beauty met his eye!
Ah! would he then have wished to die?

"This sweet, when lingering storms are o'er,
To see the sunbeams smile once more;
But sweeter far, when from the soul
Despair's dark sullen shadows roll,
To mark the dawning of that ray
Which heralds in a happier day.
As homeward, now, the poet turned,
Hope's heaven-lit star before him burned;
Ligher was his heart, his footsteps free,
For still that wild wood minstrelsy
Attuned his thoughts to joy's sweet key.

Still on the pleasant theme intent,
These words he murmured as he went:
"His life, like mine, is passed amid
The lowliest scenes—his home is hid
In shades obscure, yet is his lay
Attuned to nature's notes all day;
And still with gratitude elate,
As if 'twere breathed at heaven's gate,
Oh, let me from the sparrow's song
A noble lesson learn—too long
My own heart's strain has murmured low
The sad, the plain notes of woe:
How could I hope that praise would flow
Responsive to so dull a theme,
Or deem the world would e'er show
To lays that breathed but sorrow's dream?
Henceforth I'll woo a merrier chime,
And if, in any future time,
I wake one heart as mine, this hour,
Was wakened in yon green-wood bower,
I shall not then have idly sung
My votive lyre, or vainly sung."

A DUTCH CURE.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely bed room,
And dries for to sleep, and my heart is so sore,
De dreams, oh, how into mine hat they will come,
Till I wish I was under de ground.

Sometimes, ven I eats one pig supper, I dreams
Dat mine stomach is fill full mit shones;
Und out in my shoopee, like te tival I screams,
Und kicks off te ped clothes, and groans!

Den tere, as I lays, mit te ped clothes all off,
I kists myself all over teozed;
In de morning I wakes mit te he ache und cough,
Und I'm shick from mine hat te mize toes!

Oh, vat shall pe tean for a poor man like me—
Oh, vat for I least such a life!
Some shays dere's a cure for dis trouble of me—
Dinks I'll dery it, and kit me a wife!

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn, with three or four holes in it, and their harp, or lyre, had only three strings. The Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down were only rams' horns, the psaltery was a small triangular harp or lyre, with wire strings and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut resembled the zagg used at Malta in the present day a specie of bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp with wire strings and struck with a stick like the psaltery—such as are seen about the streets of London in the present day. Imagine the discord produced by 200,000 of such instruments, while playing at the dedication of Solomon's temple.

COCKNEYISM.—Witness—"This here feller broke our window with a tater, and it is Isabella on the elbow, as she was a playin' on the pianer."—"Magistrate—"The conduct of the prisoners," and his general character, render it proper that he should no longer be a member of society."

A Curious Narrative.—The Japanese Stranger.

We noticed on Monday the arrival of Lieut. Pease, of the U. S. revenue service, with a number of articles obtained from a Japanese wreck which he intends to exhibit at the "World's Fair."

We find the following narrative relative thereto, in the San Francisco Times and Transcript:—
A few days ago, we made allusion to the rescue of a person from a strange wreck, fallen in with by the Emma Packer, in latitude 28 deg. 50 min. North longitude 128 deg. 55 min. West during the recent voyage of that vessel from Tahiti to this port. We were waited on yesterday by First Lieutenant Pease, commanding the U. S. revenue cutter Argus, on his station, who has kindly laid us under obligations for much interesting information, both in regard to the wreck encountered, and the strange individual rescued from it.

It seems that the stranger turns out as suspected, to be a Japanese. On the arrival of the Emma Packer at this port, Collector Saunders, when informed by Lieut. Pease that the stranger was a Japanese, directed that the man be placed in the care of the officers of the Argus, until instructions should be received from Washington relative to his disposal. The Argus was then lying at Benicia, but Lieutenant Pease being in this city, took charge of the stranger, and conveyed him on board his vessel. Fortunately the cook of the cutter happens to be a Japanese—
one of those rescued from shipwreck some time since—and Lieutenant P. was thus afforded the means of immediately solving the mystery.

One of the seamen on board the cutter, whose name is Thomas Tray, also understands some parts of the Japanese language, and between the two, the following history was made out:—
The Japanese junk Ya-sha-ma-ro, with a crew of thirteen persons, left Matsuyama, a port in the Southern part of the Island of Yesso, on the 1st day of (September 1852), bound for the city of N-heng-nu-tha, a port of the West coast of the Island of Nippon, in the sea of Japan, distant from Matsuyama one hundred and fifty Japanese, or a little more than three hundred English miles. The junk was loaded with one hundred and twenty thousand she-wo-sha-kee, (salted salmon), and had a small quantity of rice on board, as the commander expected to call at a port at no great distance, where rice could be purchased at a cheaper rate than at Matsuyama. They had three tanks of water, two of which were stowed aft, one on each side of the helm, and the other forward on deck.

They had three days of fine weather after leaving port, during which time they were carried through the straits and into the sea of Japan. On the fourth day in the forenoon, the wind died away, and in the afternoon, about four o'clock a strong northwest gale came on and drove them back through the straits of Matsuyama. The wind and rain increased, and a heavy sea running carried away the rudder, fractured the stern, and washed away the two water tanks left. At this time they were still in sight of land, and the sailors insisted on taking the boat to attempt to make it, but the owner, who was on board, offered the men forty dollars each to stay by the vessel, and they agreed to do so. On the fifth day land was out of sight, and the crew then gave up to despair. Observing some thick clouds on the horizon, which they mistook for land, they lowered a boat and got what they could into it—baskets of clothing, chests, and all the rice they had, and some water. After pulling about a mile in the direction of the clouds, they found the sea was too rough, and they were obliged to return. They reached the vessel and got on board, but could not get the heavy articles up. The boat knocked against the vessel and shortly went to pieces.

On the eighth day the vessel rolled so heavily they were obliged to cut the mast away. On the ninth day their rice was exhausted, and it was found that the remaining water tank, which had been stowed a year, contained but little water, having become worm eaten. They were now without provisions, except the salt fish, and had but a small supply of water. The latter they continued to serve out very sparingly while it lasted, and they now began to have recourse to their salted salmon.

On the 20th day of the 10th moon, (October) the first death occurred. They dressed the deceased in his best clothes, attached his purse of money around his neck, sewed him up in a mat, and launched him into the deep. On the 28th of 12th moon, the next death occurred, and the corpse was disposed of in like manner. On the 16th of the 1st moon, (some time in January, 1853), the owner of the vessel and cargo died. He was the owner of three other vessels, all trading at Matsuyama. The fourth man died on the 2nd day of the 2nd moon; the fifth man on the 12th of the same moon; the sixth on the 14th, and on the 20th the captain died. On the 8th and 12th of the 3rd moon, two others died, and on the 8th of the 4th moon the tenth man died.

On the 10th of the same moon (April), the 11th man died, and was followed on the 11th by the 12th man, leaving only one survivor. The latter now gave over all hope, and spent his time mainly in crying and praying, until he was nearly exhausted. His mouth and throat were so much swollen, from the use of salt fish, that he had at last become unable to swallow. Meanwhile the only water left him was rain water, or such as himself and companions had been able to obtain by distillation, by means of cooking utensils. On the 14th day of the 4th moon, he contrived to spear a dolphin and get it on board, but when he had cooked a portion, he found his throat in such a condition that he could not swallow. On the 17th day of the 4th moon, he lay down forward to sleep, in a most miserable situation, and impressed with the opinion that he could not survive more than three days. When aroused, he was surprised to see strange people around him, who soon placed him in a boat, and conveyed him to a strange vessel.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the disabled vessel must have been floating about at the mercy of the wind and waves for seven and a half months. During this long period those of the crew that survived had little else sustenance than salt fish, and the poor excuse for water afforded in the manner described. The last man that died, was in the hold of the vessel at the time of his death, and the sole survivor was too much reduced in strength to get him overboard.

The name of the rescued man is Dee-yee-no-skee. He was clerk to Jin-tha-ro, the owner of the vessel and cargo. The rest of the sufferers were named as follows:—Captain Koo-ma-gire;

first officer, Kats-o-no-skee; second officer, Yu-ah-ge-ro; ship's cook, Tho-koo-tho; seamen, Tho-shi-skee, Yee-ah-ki-chee, Gi-ro-ki-chee, Es-chi-jin, and Soo-kay-yo-mung.

Dee-yee-no-skee, since meeting with his countrymen on board the Argus, has acquired a confidence that he did not before possess, having at first regarded his rescuers with suspicion. On the trip up to Benicia, he seemed much astonished at the movement of the steamer, and although shown the engine, could not conceive by what power the vessel was propelled through the water. He at present seems very grateful to those who have befriended him; says he was attended very carefully by the officers and crew of the Emma Packer, and is sorry that it is not in his power to recompense them for their kindness.

On meeting with his countrymen on board the Revenue cutter Argus, at Benicia, there was mutual astonishment expressed by the two parties, though the cook showed the stranger much deference, the latter belonging to a higher class of society than the other. This latter fact was shown in their manner of bowing. In performing this ceremony, the ends of a girdle which they wear must touch the ground. The cook, belonging to the lower mill, wore a very short girdle, and consequently had to bow very low. The clerk, belonging somewhere in the neighborhood of upper tendon, wore a long girdle, so that a gentle inclination only was necessary.

Dee-yee-no-skee is about twenty-two years of age, and though he expresses much wonder at everything he sees, appears to be possessed of much natural intelligence. He has entirely recovered from the effect of his protracted privations, and is quite healthy. Beside the cook referred to, there is a Japanese boy, about fifteen years of age, on board the Argus, who is one of the party saved from shipwreck about three years ago, so that Lt. Pease has quite a Japanese party around him.

A number of curious articles were brought on board the Emma Packer from the wreck of the junk, and are now in the possession of the commander of the Argus. Lieut. Pease designs sending some of these to the "World's Fair," at New York for exhibition. While the writer is, several of them are on our table. Perhaps the most curious are three pieces of coin, copper, silver and gold. The copper coin is nearly elliptical, two and a half inches in length, by one and a half in breadth. There is a small oblong hole perforating the centre. The piece on both sides bears curious devices, somewhat resembling Chinese characters. The silver coin is oblong, one inch by three quarters of an inch, and is in value one-third of a dollar. It bears characters resembling the former, as does also the gold coin, which is half an inch long by a quarter of an inch wide, and represents the value of one dollar.

A piece of board, resembling white pine, ten inches long by three wide, bears characters on one side which denote the name of the junk, and on the other that of the owner. To an outside barbarian, these characters would really be taken for Chinese, but we are informed that they are a sealed book unto the Celestials.

A beautiful crape scarf is among the collection. The fabric is very fine and soft, and the colors, which are printed, are red and light orange, the latter being the ground. The device appears to have been intended for leaves and flowers. The scarf is eight yards in length by five inches in breadth. A child's cap, of the same material, accompanies the foregoing.

A very neat ship's compass is among the curiosities. This is an exceedingly delicate instrument, and being contained in a solid box, the wonder is, how it could be used in a rough sea. It is not divided like the ordinary compass, but has twenty-four sub-divisions only. Twelve of these are marked on the margin of the circle with characters which appear to be alphabetical. The points are named after certain animals, such as rat, dog, goat, etc.

The ship's log is a stupendous affair, and may be measured by the yard. The characters are large and are painted on government stamped paper of the texture and appearance of tea-paper. There are several drawings, or rather tracings, very neatly executed and quite superior to anything of the kind we have seen. With Chinese characters, one represents the Empress of Japan attended by her maids, and another the Japanese deity with three heads and six horns, one of the feet of the idol resting on the neck of a furious looking boar. Still another represents an austere looking personage, who is said to be the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Famine in India.—Wholesale Mortality.

A late number of the Bombay Times says:—

"We have famines occurring almost decennially, some of which, within our time, have swept their millions away. In 1833, 50,000 persons perished in the month of September, in Lucknow; at Kanpoor 1200 died of want; and £500,000 sterling were subscribed by the bountiful to relieve the destitute. In Guntoor, 150,000 human beings, 74,000 bullocks, 169,000 milch cattle, and 300,000 sheep and goats, died of starvation. Fifty thousand people perished in Marwar; and in the Northwest provinces, 500,000 lives are supposed to have been lost. The living preyed upon the dead; mothers devoured their children; and the human imagination could scarcely picture the scenes of horror that pervaded the land. In twenty months' time, 1,500,000 persons must have died of hunger or of its immediate consequences. The direct pecuniary loss to the government by this single visitation exceeded £5,000,000 sterling—a sum which would have gone far to avert the calamity from which it arose, had it been expended in constructing thoroughfares to connect the interior with the sea-coast, or districts where scarcity prevailed with those where human food was to be had in abundance; or on canals to bear forth to the soil, thirsty and barren for want of moisture, the unbounded supplies our rivers carry to the ocean."

What a fearful picture; and in what broad contrast is our own happy country. How many reasons have we to be grateful! Here, the death of one individual by poverty or want is a rare occurrence, while in India thousands and tens of thousands are swept away every few years. Startling pictures like these are calculated to make us appreciate our position and our many blessings.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Building and its Treasures.—The Curiosities.

We gather the following from the reports in the New York papers of yesterday—the Tribune, Herald, and Courier.

THE BUILDING AND THE VISITERS.

The weather on Saturday was extremely unfavorable for the Exhibition. The rain fell in torrents at intervals, and the mud, especially in the three streets upon which the Palace faces, was great beyond belief—and, by the way, as the City Authorities have no shame left as to their duty of keeping the streets clean, regarding neither the comfort of the denizens, nor the reputation of the town with strangers from afar crowding into it, we would suggest to the directors themselves of the building to have the streets cleaned here, and at one time they authorities take the matter in hand, their patience, their visitors, and our sufferings, will be a year or more older; for we do know of streets that have been cleaned but twice in three years.

The interior of the building has improved much since Friday, although huge gaps are yet to be filled out. Still we know of no resort in town where a day may even now be spent with greater pleasure and profit than at the Crystal Palace. The number of visitors on Saturday was about 8,000 exclusive of exhibitors; about 4,000 tickets were sold, and \$2000 received at the doors.

VELVETS.

In the manufacture of velvet, Italy is inferior to no other nation in the world. Genoa is particularly celebrated for the superior quality of her velvets, and, we believe, has more extensive manufactures than any other Italian city. The purple velvets which formed the imperial robes of the Italian sovereigns for many centuries were manufactured here, and at one time they were worn all over Europe. The specimens which we have seen on exhibition are unsurpassed by anything of the kind yet displayed in the other departments. The pile is very close and thick, and exceedingly fine and smooth to the touch. One piece of maroon velvet which was shown to us could not be excelled either in texture or quality. It was embellished with broad stripes, consisting of imitations of lace, which gave it a peculiar but pleasing appearance. The specimens of figured or flowered velvet were also exceedingly beautiful and rich. This is what they call furniture velvet, and in our judgment it is preferable to the most costly damask. Some pieces of this are worth over sixty francs a yard.

MOSAIC CENTRE TABLES.

The works in Mosaic are among the finest specimens of art in the Italian department, and attract, as they justly merit, the attention of the visitors. The designs are all worked on black marble, and the whole forms the top of a circular table, or what is commonly known as a Mosaic centre table. Working in Mosaic is one of the oldest arts, and was known in the days of ancient Greece and Rome. History tells us that the walls and pavements of their temples were ornamented with Mosaic, and that the effect was beautiful beyond conception. At present we believe Rome and Florence furnish the best description of this beautiful work, and their artists are superior to those of any other part of Europe. Working in Mosaic is exceedingly tedious, and, besides skill and artistic taste in combination, requires no ordinary degree of patience in the workman. Some idea may be formed of the value of these tables, when we state that there is one among those on exhibition which is worth over three thousand dollars.

A CRUCIFIX.

Another article which is well worthy of notice among the other treasures of the Italians, is a crucifix, the whole of which, excepting the arms, is made from a single piece of ivory. It is about two feet high, and is a very fine specimen of the art of the crucifix. It was made by a monk, and purchased at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars. This is apparently an enormous sum for such a treasure; but it is a reasonable valuation of it, considering its artistic merits. The countenance, expressing the agony of death, the calm repose of the muscles of the body after the spirit had passed away, and the nail-primed hands and feet, all vividly remind one of the trials of our Saviour when he bore the blows and buffets of his persecutors, and, in obedience to the cry of the multitude, "Crucify him, crucify him," died upon the cross. Those who visit the Crystal Palace will not regret the time given to the contemplation of this admirable work.

COLUMBUS.

Among the various articles displayed in the Italian department, is a statuette of Columbus. This is certainly a work of great merit, and as beautiful as it is novel. The statuette is silver filigree, and enclosed with a glass case. It represents Columbus standing upon a half globe, a helm being fully displayed behind him, and with one hand he raises a veil from the terrestrial globe, and with the other points to that portion of it upon which is mapped the New World. The column which supports the whole is filigree, with a Doric base, and the height of the entire statuette is about thirty inches. The fineness of the threads of which the statuette is composed, the remarkable beauty of its construction, and, above all, the originality of the design, cannot fail to elicit from all spectators, the admission that this is a work well worthy of admiration. Notwithstanding its diminutive size, and the small quantity of silver of which it is composed, yet it is valued at one thousand dollars. It was made by Joseph Bennett, of Genoa, the most celebrated city in Italy, or perhaps the world, for work of this kind.

LILLIPUT STEAM ENGINES.

Two of the most interesting curiosities in the English department, and probably in any department of the Crystal Palace, are two small steam engines, both of which are complete in all their parts, and yet so small that the aid of the microscope is needed for their inspection. One of these, a high pressure engine, stands upon an English fourpenny piece, and excepting the fly wheel, it might be covered with a thimble—both of these engines were made by Mr. Warner, a watchmaker, England; and some conception may be formed of the minuteness of the instruments, with which this work was manufactured, when we are told that the screws which Mr. Warner used in its construction were so small that it would require some hundreds of them to weigh one ounce. It works, it is stated, with precision and great rapidity by atmospheric pressure (in lieu of steam), and when it is in motion it must be truly wonderful. The screws, valves, pistons, &c., which compose it, are innumerable, and it would require, we should think, the patience of Job to place them together, each in its proper place, and so as to discharge its proper functions.

Mr. Warner is reported to be a practical hand at such work, and from this we should judge he is fully competent to invent and arrange machinery for the use of the inhabitants of the invisible world. It must be wonderful to see this puffing and blowing, and laboring, upon your hand, and in so small a thing to see demonstrated a power which has revolutionized the social condition of the whole human family. In the same case with this engine is another, which may truly be called a fairy work, although twenty times larger than the one alluded to. This one being large enough to measure, we are enabled to inform the curious as to its dimensions, which are as follows: Length of beam, 2 1/2 inches; height of supporters 1 1/2; diameter, 1/2; and length of stroke 1/2 of an inch. It is composed of upwards of two hundred pieces, has governors, parallel motion, air pump, and every other appliance of the most perfect engine. It is put in motion by blowing through a tube, and is reported to work in every particular correctly. These machines attract much attention; they are most ingenious specimens of workmanship, and well repay a visit to them.

Return of President Pierce to Washington. On Saturday morning soon after ten o'clock, President Pierce, accompanied by the Attorney General, the Secretary of War and other friends, left New York for Washington by the New Jersey line for Newark, Trenton and Princeton. The party went quietly to the ferry, and were saluted by a large crowd as they left the Astor House, and as they went on the ferry boat and entered the cars.

All around expressed themselves highly delighted with their visit to New York, and with the marked attentions which had been bestowed upon them personally and officially. The President rose at too late an hour on Saturday morning to receive callers, but the Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney General received a number of friends.

At Jersey City, a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the British steamer Arabia, in honor of the Chief Magistrate. Salutes were also given by the flags of the steamer. Along the route, various demonstrations were made, but they were of a hasty and informal character. The President arrived in this city about half-past two o'clock, and with his suite and several citizens of Philadelphia, took carriages and proceeded immediately to the Baltimore Depot, a large number of persons assembled at Walnut street wharf, and as the distinguished guest and his friends took their departure, three hearty cheers were given. The President, we are informed, has expressed himself as every way gratified with his trip, and particularly with the attentions that were shown him in Philadelphia and New York.—Phila. Inquirer.

General Cass.

During our recent visit to Detroit, in company with a number of friends, we called on the venerable statesman and patriot, Lewis Cass. We found him at his old mansion, in excellent health, enjoying a good old age, with all the comforts of life blooming around him. With a nation's respect and esteem, he feels that it is better to be right than to be President. He lives not exactly in a log cabin, but in the same plain substantial brown frame house erected on his farm soon after the war of 1812. In looking on this mansion, there was, however, one melancholy reflection. She who for the last forty years has been the life and light of that mansion—the hope, the comfort, the joy of its lord, is no more. The old statesman is left to tread the path of life, with the evening shades gathering round him, unsustained by that strong hand which was his hope and prop in the morning of his life. Long may he live to enjoy a nation's gratitude and esteem, and to give that republic for whose establishment his father perilled his life, the benefits of his counsel and advice.—Indianapolis Sentinel, 4th.

The San Francisco Herald thus describes the hostile meeting between Senator Gwin and Hon. J. W. McCorkle, and the reconciliation happily effected:—
"AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.—A hostile meeting took place, about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, between the Hon. Wm. M. Gwin and the Hon. J. W. McCorkle, in consequence, as we learn, of certain offensive remarks made by the latter while on the race course. The ground selected was just this side of the boundary line between San Francisco and Santa Clara counties; but on receiving intelligence that some interference was to be looked for, the parties proceeded to a spot about three miles the other side of the line. Mr. McCorkle won the choice of position and the word. The weapon selected was the rifle; distance thirty paces, the combatants to wheel at the word and fire. A number of spectators were on the ground. Three shots were fired without effect, one of Senator Gwin's balls passing almost through the hair of Mr. McCorkle. The following document, signed by the friends of the parties, will explain the sequel:—

"After an exchange of three ineffectual shots between the Hon. Wm. M. Gwin and Hon. J. W. McCorkle, the friends of the respective parties having discovered that their principals were fighting under a misapprehension of facts, mutually explained to their respective principals in what the misapprehension consisted; whereupon Dr. Gwin promptly denied the cause of provocation referred to in Mr. McCorkle's letter of the 29th May, and Mr. McCorkle withdrew his offensive language uttered on the race course, and expressed regret at having used it.

S. W. INGE,
F. STUART,
E. C. MARSHALL,
E. C. FERNWOOD,
J. P. JOHNSON,
A. P. CRITCHFIELD.

"June 1, 1853."

Couldn't Cos He Sung so.

Leaving idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "Lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass, by watching the sportive flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, standing himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backwards without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled and forth came nature's plea: A link—a link—a link—bob—olink—a link—a link—a link—bob—olink—a link—a link—a link—I know it! a link—a link—a link—I don't throw it—I throw it, throw it," &c., &c.; and he didn't.

Slowly the little arm subsided to the natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster throng, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, and enquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home?" The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame half sorrow, he replied:

"Couldn't cos he sung so."

Who will say that our nature is wholly depraved, after that; or over that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy!—The angel who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds.—Clinton Courier.

Turkish Female Names.

In a recent work giving an account of a female boarding school, established by missionaries in Constantinople in 1845, is given the following in regard to names:

"Doodoo in American, signifies Miss; and it is always placed after a name instead of before it, as with us. Takooli Doodoo is Miss Queen. This is a very common name with the Armenians, and we have always had several of that name in school. Soorpoorli Doodoo is Miss Holmes. Aroosig Doodoo is Miss Morning Star. This Miss Morning Star is now an assistant in the school, and a very important helper. Aykooli Doodoo is Miss Good. Miss Sophia Doodoo is Miss Good. This Miss Sophia Doodoo has recently been married to Mr. Glad Tidings. viz. Avedis, which in American signifies good news or glad tidings. Another one has been married to Mr. Resurrection, viz. Harootun."

The Fisheries.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, says "that a circular will be issued to the Collectors and other officers of the Government at the Eastward, in reference to the reported intention of the fishermen to go out armed, and take their defense into their own hands." The order, says the Boston Transcript, will come too late, as the vessels have gone armed. They have no intention to violate any treaty stipulation as they have been understood for the last thirty years. But should they be unjustly boarded on the high seas, as they were last year, and have their American papers torn and trampled upon by petty officials, they will naturally defend their flag and their own honor—and where is the American who would not justify and admire their bravery?

A Youthful Traveler on route for California.

The Wheeling Times mentions the arrival in that city, of John Jacques, an orphan boy, aged fifteen years, from the State of New York, en route for California, overland. He states that he reached Philadelphia by stowing himself in a car or freight train; and remained there two weeks, sleeping in the market houses, subsisting on food given him by the servants at the hotels. Finally a railroad conductor allowed him to ride on the platform of a car to Baltimore, where he staid for more than a month, serving as an errand boy and newspaper carrier; after which he proceeded on foot to Frederick, begging enough to eat from the farm houses on the road; here he engaged as ostler at a tavern, but left in a week on the top of a buggy wagon for Harpers Ferry, where he accidentally picked up a \$5 bill, and took the cars for Cumberland a gentleman there paid his way to Wheeling; at the latter place, he is endeavoring to engage as a cabin boy on board of a steamboat for St. Louis, where he hopes to engage as herdman or cattle driver to California. Persevering boy, that!

The following is too good to be lost. We copy it from the Columbia (Texas) DEMOCRAT.—It is worthy of extensive circulation:

A good deal has been said, and well said, about men speaking of other men's wives as their ladies. It would seem very ridiculous to hear a lady call her husband my gentleman, or ask another lady where her gentleman was, when enquiring about her husband. Well one is just as bad as the other: give us plain husband and plain wife, and a plain way of calling people and things by their right names. We should not be at all surprised if that class of society who hunt for roundabout ways to express their ideas, did not in a little while, when enquiring about one's sons and daughters, adopt such modes of expression as these: "How is your little feminine offspring?" or "How is the little feminine darling, who addresses you as parent?" Or, when speaking of our negroes, allude to them as our "Ethiopian bondsmen." We can imagine one of these individuals entering a complaint in the following language: "My dear gentleman, your specimen of the canine species was by your youngest masculine offspring set upon my lady's feline pet; and had it not been for your oldest feminine Ethiopian bondswoman, it would by compulsion have been forced to depart this life."